Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 14. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1800. WHOLE NO. 586

VALERIA;

AN ITALIAN TALE.

[Continued from our laſt.]

"THE horrid condition of my mind, ſoon brought on a burning fever. It was long and painful: my mother never left me, even my father, during the ſix weeks of my illneſs, diſtinguiſhed me by much tenderneſs, watched over me, called me his daughter, and ſeemed to have reſtored me to his affection. His ſeverity, indeed, had never eſtranged my love, and I was ſo ſenſible of the return of that of my father, that in an interval, when taking my hand, and fixing his eyes upon me, which were full of tears, he enquired how his dear Valeria found herſelf? I could not reſtrain my tranſport, and throwing my arms round his neck, I preſſed my face to his, and, weeping at the time, ſaid—"Yes, my father, I am your own Valeria. I am your dutiful child, and, from this moment, the only wiſh of my heart ſhall be to obey you."

"This word determined my fortune. I had perceived that my father had always intended me for my couſin Heraldi. This relation had our family name, and this name was deciſive with my father. To him it was an eſſential happineſs to ſee his family revive, and leave his wealth to a deſcendant from his anceſtors. He ſpoke to me on this ſubject, without aſking—without exacting any thing; but he told me, "he ſhould expire with grief if I did not take pity on his weakneſs." Octavius was married, Octavius was faithleſs! I was incenſed againſt Octavius. To me it ſeemed delightful to be able to love another. I conſented, and gave him my promiſe. How could I not give? how could I diſobey my father, who did not command, he only intreated.

"The preparations for my marriage were made with a celerity of which I did not dare to complain, but which filled me with terror. My mother ſaid nothing—ſhe ſighed, and concealed her tears. My father redoubled his tenderneſs to me. Heraldi loaded me with preſents, and ſpared me any profeſſions of a love to which I could not liſten—The diſpenſation arrived from Rome, and the contract was ſigned. They dreſſed me, covered me with diamonds, and led me to the alter.

"I pronounced the formidable vow, without any extravagant emotion: almoſt indifferent to my ſituation: troubling myſelf but little about a fate that could not poſſibly be happy, which, indeed, I knew was to be ſupported with more or leſs of ſuffering. After maſs I left the choir, ſurrounded by my family, held by the hand of Heraldi, who ſeemed to feel no great deal of joy, when, at the gate of the church, as I advanced to uſe ſome holy water, lifting my eyes, I ſaw, reſting againſt a pillar, a young man, pale, trembling, his hair and dreſs in great diſorder, his eyes wild and ſtaring, who, regarding me with a fixed countenance, approached and ſaid, in a hollow broken tone, "I wiſhed, Valeria, to ſee you conſummate your enormous crime—I have ſeen it—am content, and am about to die!"

"Saying thus, he vaniſhed. I fainted, without any recollection. Indeed from that moment I remembered nothing: relapſing into my former illneſs, I experienced ſtill greater and more ſeeming danger. I was never free from delirium. My diſeaſe made a rapid progreſs; and all that I have ſince learned from my mother is, that after a paroxyſm, which continued many hours, I ſunk into an extreme weakneſs, and apparently expired in her arms.

"My mother was likely to follow me! My father was in deſpair. Heraldi wept, but the calamity ſeemed without remedy. I was interred. They carried me, with much funeral pomp, to the ſepulchre of my family, which was in a chapel of our cathedral. There my coffin was placed, along ſome bars of iron: the ſtone of the tomb was replaced, and I was left in this ſcene of death.

"What paſſed afterwards had better be related by Octavius than me. He has often told it me, "that having formed a fixed purpoſe of going to conceal himſelf in ſome of the Apennine Deſarts, to finiſh his miſerable life, the condition in which he had ſeen me, the news of my illneſs, repeated every where, detained him in Florence."—You may very eaſily imagine his diſtraction when informed of my death: almoſt wild with deſpair, and conſidering himſelf my murderer, he formed the mad project of entering my tomb, and killing himſelf on my coffin. The very evening of my interment, he bribed the ſexton, and both of them, at midnight, with a dark lanthorn, entered the church, and, removing the ſtone of the vault, deſcended the ſteps. Soon as Octavius beheld my bier, he darted forwards, tore away the linen which concealed my countenance, and preſſing his mouth to my pale lips, did not think he ſhould want the aid of his ſword to put a period to his life.

"Miracle of love! Miracle, which they who have never loved cannot poſſibly believe, the ſoul of my lover revived mine! From my lips, preſſed with ſuch vivacity and tenderneſs by his, a ſigh eſcaped, Octavius perceived this: Octavius, tranſported, uttered a loud cry, ſnatched me from my coffin, and preſſed me to his boſom; mine, from that moment, beat again! I made a ſlight motion. Octavius, tranſported with joy, took me in his arms, aſcended the ſteps, gained the gate of the church, and, without ſtopping a moment, flew to the houſe of his father, where placing me on a bed, every aſſiſtance was afforded me.

"I at length opened my eyes; my firſt looks met thoſe of Octavius and his father, with a phyſician, who already anſwered for my life. I cannot deſcribe my feelings. I ſeemed to wake from a long dream! I did not think myſelf alive, but I recognized Octavius. I could not ſpeak to him, but I had the delight of ſeeing him. I found myſelf tolerably well, and yet was not certain that I was alive. Three days and three nights hardly reſtored me to myſelf. At the end of this time, the ſleep I enjoyed, without being ſenſible of it, and the nourithment I took without knowing it, gradually reſtored me to my ſenſes. My memory revived. I recollected my mother, my marriage, and the ſpot where I had ſeen my lover. There my ideas were ſuſpended. But I underſtood what he ſaid. I comprehended that I was in the houſe of Octavius—I was ſenſible that it was he who preſſed my hand; and my love, the warmth of which had never left me, every moment brought to me again ſomething I had forgotten.

"I ſoon found myſelf in a ſtate to hear and liſten to Octavius, and to learn from his lips all that had happened to me. The idea of his marriage, his perfidy, then preſented itſelf to my diſordered mind. As ſoon as I could at all converſe rationally, I ſpoke to him of his marriage with the neice of General Laudohn. Octavius believed me ſtill in a delirium.—General Laudohn had no niece.

"Octavius was returned from the army, but he was not a Colonel. He had never been at Vienna; but availing himſelf of a leave of abſence, he had obtained with difficulty—unhappy that for the ſpace of two months I had never written to him, he had travelled night and day, bringing with him a letter from Laudohn, recommending him to the Grand Duke. He alighted from his horſe, juſt as I entered the church: he had followed me to the altar, and in anxiety and grief, was determined, at leaſt, to reproach me for my perjury.

"I then learned that Heraldi, probably in concert with my father, had invented this deteſtible falſhood; and that betrayed by the domeſtic in whom I had placed confidence, they had intercepted the letters of my lover. This diſcovery excited in me an averſion for the perfidious Heraldi, with the extremeſt contempt, and indeed, horror, that was invincible. No crime in my eyes was equal to the horrible means he had employed, and yet I was the wife of this monſter. I was condemned to live his wife, and to conſecrate my days to him. This afflicting idea again reduced me to deſpair; I lamented my tomb, and once more wiſhed to viſit it.

"My dear child, compoſe yourſelf," ſaid the elder Orſini. "I am now come from the Great Duke: I have myſelf carried him the letter from the brave Laudohn; and was determined to inform him myſelf of all that had happened. This generous Prince heard me patiently; he takes you under his protection. He has written to the holy father to diſſolve your unnatural marriage. I doubt not but he will ſay you have died for Heraldi—live now for Octavius. Thus religion as well as juſtice will defend you againſt your tyrants. I have only one favor to aſk of you—it is, that no perſon may ſee you, nor be informed of our ſecret, till our courier ſhall return from Rome. Your peace and happineſs depend on this precaution."

"Theſe words reſtored me to hope. I promiſed the good old man, whom I now called my father—I even ſwore to obey his advice, and never depart from his houſe. Where, alas! could I be better? Octavius was with me—Octavius ſpoke to me inceſſantly of his love and our union. My health was reſtored—I was happy already—and was about to be more ſo. I ſoon had loſt every trace of my diſeaſe. I found myſelf what I had been in my earlier youth, and retained of my ſufferings only that paleneſs which you have obſerved in me:—fearful veſtige of the grave, which nothing can remove!

[To be concluded in our next.]

DETECTION OF A MURDERER.

[From a public print, published many years since.]

ON the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord 1767, I, Johannes Demaresi, coroner of the county of Bergen, and, province of New-Jersey, was present at a view of the body of one Nicholas Tuers (then lying dead) together with the Jury which I summoned to enquire of the death of the said Nicholas Tuers. At that time a negro man, named Harry, belonging to Hendrick Christians Zabriskie, was suspected of having murdered said Tuers, but there was no proof of it. I asked if he was not afraid to touch Tuers? he said No; he had not hurt him; and immediately came up to the corpse, lying in the coffin; and then Staats Storm, one of the jurors, said, "I am not afraid of him," and stroaked the dead man's face with his hand, which made no alteration in the dead person, and (as I did not put any faith in any of those trials) my back was turned towards the dead body, when the jury ordered the negro to touch the dead man's face with his hand, and then I heard a cry in the room, of the people, saying "he is the man;" and I was desired to come to the dead body; and was told that the said negro Harry, had put his hand on Tuers's face and that the blood immediately ran out of the nose of the dead man, Tuers. I saw the blood on his face, and ordered the negro to rub his hand again on Tuers's face. He did so; and immediately the blood again ran out of the said Tuers's nose, at both nostrils, near a common table spoonful at each nostril, as well as I could judge. Whereupon the people all charged him with being the murderer; but he denied it for a few minutes, and then confessed that he had murdered the said Nicholas Tuers, by first striking him on the head with an axe, and then driving a wooden pin in his ear; though afterwards he said he struck a second time with his axe, and then held him fast till he had done struggling; when that was done, he awaked some of the family, and said Tuers was dying, he believed.

JOHANNES DEMARest, Coroner.

FROM AN IRISH LADY TO HER NEPHEW.

June 2, 1799.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I HAVE not written to you since my last before now, because as we had moved from our former place of living, and I did not know where a letter would reach you; but I now with pleasure take my pen to inform you of the melancholy news of the death of your only living uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of five months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, saying perfectly quiet, and speechless, all the while talking incoherently, and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, except I had wrote you by last post, which went off two days before he died, and then you would have had postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was brought on by his last sickness, for he was never well ten days together, during the whole time of his confinement, and I believe his sickness was occasioned by his eating too much of rabbits stuffed with pease and gravy, or pease and gravy stuffed with rabbits, I cannot tell which, but be that as it will, as soon as he breathed his last the doctors gave over all hopes of his recovery.

I need not tell you any thing about his age, for you well know that in December next, he would have been twenty-five years old lacking ten months, and had he lived till then he would then have been just six months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, who all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us, and you know his property was something very considerable, for he had a fine estate which was sold to pay his debts; and the remainder he lost in a horse race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race, if the horse he run against had not not been too fast for him. I never saw a man, and the doctors all say so, that observed directions and took medicine better than he did, he said he would as lives drink gruel as wine if it had only the same taste, and would as soon take jalap as eat beef steak if it had the same relish. But poor soul he will never eat or drink more, and now you have not a living relation in the world except myself and your two cousins who were killed in the last war. I can't dwell on this mournful subject; and shall seal my letter with black sealing wax, and put on it your uncle's coat of arms, so I beg you not to break the seal when you open the letter, and don't open it till three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings. When you come to this place stop and do not read any more till my next.

Your affectionate Aunt.

P S. Don't write me again till you receive this.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

IN MEMORY OF MISS ANN POST.

ALAS! how transient is our mortal state!
Few are our days, and adverse is our fate!
How short the date since ANNA shone array'd
In health---since blooming health around her play'd!

But now no more shall we that form pursue,
Our longing eyes no more that form shall view;
Death, the grim monster, snatch'd her in her prime,
From weeping friends, unto a milder clime.

Alas! why could he not the victim spare?
Why a lov'd daughter from her parents tear?
A daughter kind---affectionate---sincere---
A lovely sister,---names held ever dear.

Now the cold earth secludes her from our sight;
Her form lies there, her soul hath wing'd its flight
Far from corroding cares, from sickness,---pain----
The loss is ours,---but her's, we hope, the gain.

May resignation to the will of heaven,
To her belov'd surviving friends be given;
May calm submission teach their hearts to say,
We'll join her spirit in unclouded day.

There kindred souls shall meet no more to part,
Freed from all pain shall rest the grief-torn heart;
Parents and children shall again embrace,
And join in singing a Redeemer's praise.

January 9, 1800.

SONNET TO BENEVOLENCE.

BRIGHT as the star, that o'er the mountain's brow
Climbs nimbly, pointing to the source of day,
Celestial harbinger of Peace be thou,
And chace the fiends of Discord far away!
Too long, alas! the feeling heart has bled,
Too long has Pity dropp'd the fruitless tear;
Sister of Love! thy genial influence shed,
And lead mankind to better prospects near.
So shall the cheek of Virtue cease to blush
For crimes that would pollute her sacred name;
And Monarchy forbear the seeds to crush
Of heav'n-born Liberty and honest fame.
But, like the star that never leaves the Pole,
Same thou eternal in the human soul.

CHARITY IN WINTER.

WHEN raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend,
And the wide landscape, bright and fair,
No deepen'd colors blend:

When biting frost rides on the wind,
Bleak from the north and east,
And Wealth is at its ease reclin'd,
Prepar'd to laugh and feast;

When the poor trav'ller treads the plain,
All dubious of his way,
And crawls with night-increasing pain,
And dreads the parting day:

When Poverty, in vile attire,
Shrinks from the biting blast,
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
And fears it will not last:

When the fond mother hugs her child
Still closer to her breast;
And the poor infant, frost-beguil'd,
Scarce feels that it is prest:---

Then let thy bounteous hand extend
Its blessings to the poor,
Nor spurn the wretched while they bend
All suppliant at your door.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH AN APPLE BY A YOUNG LADY.

AN apple caus'd our present state,
And by inevitable fate
Condemn'd us all to die;
But if that apple was so fine,
And came from such a hand as thine,
Who from its charms could fly?
How can I then old Adam blame,
When I myself had done the same,
Had you the apple giv'n?
I should, like him, without dispute,
Have eaten the forbiden fruit,
And lost, for you, a heav'n.

INSTANCES OF GRATITUDE.

(From WATKINS's Travels.)

LORENZO MUSATA, a native of Catania, in Sicily, was in the year 1774 taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a barbarian, rendered intolerant by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah, (about ten years old) became extremely fond of him; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo, in consequence, became as much attached to the boy, as the boy was to him; so that they were seldom separated from each other. One day as Fezulah (being then fixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off; and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in and saved him, at the hazard of his life. His affection heightened by gratitude, and frequently interceeded with his father for his deliverer's emancipation, but in vain. Lorenzo often sighed for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers, and having embraced him in tears, retired with all the exquisite glow of pleasure and self-approbation which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement; upon which he seated, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of his past slavery. At length, growing tired of a sedentary life, he accompanied his kinsman, a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'arsena, he heard a voice cry out---"Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo!" and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprize and joy; but how rapid was the transition of grief, when he perceived by his chains that Fezulah was a slave!---He had been taken by a Genoese galley, on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude! and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily; sold his little tenement, though to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only purchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These actions might by some, who have more prudence than philanthrophy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must, however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

ELOGIUM.

ON the 27th of last month, the Hiram Lodge of Westmoreland county, in Virginia, celebrated the festival of St. John;---an excellent discourse was delivered by their brother, the Rev. James Elliott, which concluded thus:

"On this solemn festival, and in the county respected for the Birth of the immortal WASHINGTON, it may be expected by all, and I am commanded by the Lodge that I announce to this congregation the ever to be lamented death of our illustrious Brother.

"It is a truth the most demonstrable, that Masons, as a society, neither do, or can interfere in political disputes or religious controversy; but it is nevertheless a confirmed truth, that our order delights in rendering due homage to those of their Brethren, who in their lives or death have done honor to the craft: The annals of Masonry (in their honest pride) hold forth to the living for their imitation the fair examples of the dead, and expectation would be disappointed in waiting for a more glorious example than is furnished in the life and death of this Masonic Christian, Patriot and Hero.

"As a Christian, he was guided by the HOLY WORD He SQUARED his actions by the revealed will of the Supreme Architect.--He lived and died within the COMPASS of an approving conscience. With the great Lights, at the call of his country, he rose like the SUN in its splendor, to aid his fellow citizens in maintaining their rights; like the mild MOON, rising upon the dusky clouds of evening, he pointed to the WAR-WORN TRAVELLER the STARS of union, peace and happiness---to hope, faith and charity for HE WAS A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.

"As a Patriot, I look around me for the sympathetic unison of all hearts, when I say that if the words of the Poet are applicable to Man, "WASHINGTON sat in the political whirlwind and directed the storm."

"As a Hero, he bravely fought, he nobly conquered, for the vanquished felt and owned the clemency of the Conqueror:----we therefore are comforted by the lively hope that our departed Brother is now amongst the merciful who obtain mercy.

"Yet illuſtrious as he was for Integrity, Patriotiſm and Wiſdom, it is a painful truth that he was perſecuted by the envious and malicious. To ſuch (if any now there are) in the meekneſs of Chriſtianity, and mildneſs of Maſonry, we, my brethren, ſhall addreſs theſe ſad words, "They were the Enemies of WASHINGTON." Of that WASHINGTON who devoted a life to our ſervice; that WASHINGTON, whoſe expiring breath wafted a prayer to Heaven for his country; and who, (if permitted) now ſpreads his hands before the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, imploring from God the bleſſings of unanimity on our Councils, peace for us here, and happineſs hereafter. Amen."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1800.

The following melancholy accident happened on Sunday afternoon the 5th inſt. As Thomas Fennell (an apprentice of Meſſrs. Thomas and George Welſh) aged 14 years, was playing with a number of other boys, he fell from the top of an high ſhed, on a piece of timber, and fractured his ſkull----he expired in a few hours after,

It is aſſerted with credibility that the legacy of General WASHINGTON to his nephew, Judge Waſhington, is a Hiſtory of the American Revolution, written by himſelf. To his bondmen, he has not only given liberty, but bequeathed a ſufficiency of land to maintain them: ---Among the many excellencies of this truly great and good man, we add the following from an Alexandria paper---

"It has been mentioned, that Gen. WASHINGTON has "willed 1200l. towards the ſupport of that portion of the "Alexandria Academy ſet apart for the education of poor "and orphan Children, to which he had, from its eſtabliſh-"ment annually paid 50l."

The character of WASHINGTON is complete----nothing human could add to it---nothing detract from it.

From the Obſerver, a London paper of Nov. 10.

Diſtinguiſhed merit, in whom ever it may be found, always meets our ready commendation. The following detail affords us particular pleaſure, as, in doing juſtice to ſome gallant fellows, it records an act highly favorable to a people whom we wiſh to gain and forever eſteem as a ſecond part of ourſelves.

At 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th ult. Sicily N. N. E. diſtance 35 leagues, the ſhip Waſhington, from London for Philadelphia, J. Williamſon, commander, was attacked by a French privateer, with 24 guns on her gun deck, and 4 on her quarter deck; when a cloſe action commenced, in which the Waſhington's 24 pound cannonades upſet, and ſhe was left to depend on 8 twelve pounders; ſhe, however, made ſo good a uſe of theſe guns, that at 11 o'clock the privateer made ſail to repair her damage, the Waſhington being too much cut in her rigging to follow.

At 12 ſhe again bore down, and at half paſt one renewed the fight, which was continued with great warmth for an hour and a quarter, when ſhe ran with all the ſail ſhe could carry, leaving the Waſhington's braces, tail ſheets, ſtanding and running rigging, and all ſails cut to pieces; her three maſts and crotchet yard rendered uſeleſs, and the entire ſhip a mere wreck; but fortunately only one man killed, and two wounded.

The intelligence was brought by a Swede from Smyrna, who adds, that the wind being too far to the northward to fetch even Ireland, Capt. Williamſon propoſed to ſtand for Liſbon, where we truſt he has ſafely arrived with his gallant ſhipmates.

The laſt news which arrived from the theatre of war in Europe, has left the ſtate of military affairs in ſo precarious a ſituation, that the following picture of the relative ſituation of the reſpective armies, will no doubt be highly ſatisfactory.

That of the Arch-Duke is compoſed of twenty-five thouſand men, which he has drawn back from the neighbourhood of Manheim: of about 15000 men who remained to Korſakoff after the evacuation of Switzerland; of the army of Conde, whoſe number does not amount to above four thouſand five hundred men, including the Ruſſian regiment of Baier; of two thouſand four hundred Bavarians, who arrived on the 23d at Schaff Houſe, and who were to be followed by another corps of the ſame number; in all forty five to fifty thouſand men. The Arch Duke has his head quarters at Donaueſchingen, ten leagues north-weſt of Schaff Houſe; thoſe of Korſakoff are at Thingen, half way between the two poſitions; and his advanced poſts are at Schaff Houſe. This army is covered on the right by the foreſt towns, occupied by the corps of General Nauendorff, and on the left by the Lake of Conſtance.

The army of Marſhal Suwarrow is compoſed of about fifteen thouſand Ruſſians, whom he brought along with him from Italy; of the diviſion of Hotze, conſiſting of nearly an equal number; of the corps of Jellachich and Lachen, and of Offenbourg, amounting to about ten thouſand men, in all forty thouſand men. It is poſted from the upper part of the Lake of Conſtance to Coire, and occupied ſixteen or eighteen leagues of country on the right banks of the Upper Rhine. We do not comprehend in this ſtatement the Griſon Militia, becauſe they will be employed in the defence of their own country, and not to act offenſively.

The Republican army, eſtimated at ſixty thouſand men, is leſs numerous than thoſe which are oppoſed to it. But being placed in the part of the circle formed by the Rhine and the Lake, it has a leſs extent of country to cover, and is favored by the mountains, the rivers, and the defiles, which are always advantageous for defence.

Such are the numerical ſtate and the reſpective local ſituation of the two armies, which are about to decide the fate of a campaign, which commenced under ſo happy auſpices for our allies. All conjectures reſpecting the reſult of the grand expected event would be ſuperfluous. We can only at preſent form wiſhes, and expreſs a firm confidence reſpecting the tried abilities of the General of the allies, and reſpecting the valor of the troops. [London Paper.

The following letters were on Wedneſday the 8th inſtants communicated to Congreſs, by the Preſident of the United States---

Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the Houſe of Repreſentatives,

In compliance with the requeſt in one of the reſolutions of Congreſs of the 21ſt of December laſt, I tranſmitted a copy of thoſe reſolutions by my ſecretary, Mr. Shaw, to Mrs. Waſhington, aſſuring her of the profound reſpect Congreſs will ever bear to her perſon and character----of their condolence in the late afflictive diſpenſation of Providence, and intreating her aſſent to the interment of the remains of General GEORGE WASHINGTON, in the manner expreſſed in the firſt reſolution. As the ſentiments of that virtuous lady, not leſs beloved by this nation, than ſhe is at preſent greatly afflicted, can never be ſo well expreſſed as in her own words, I tranſmit to Congreſs her original letter,

It would be an attempt of too much delicacy, to make any comment upon it----but there can be no doubt that the nation at large, as well as all the departments of government, will be highly gratified by any arrangement which may diminiſh the ſacrifice which the makes of her individual feelings. JOHN ADAMS.

United States, Jan. 8, 1800.

Mount Vernon, December 31, 1799.

SIR, While I feel with keeneſt anguiſh, the late diſpenſation of Divine Providence, I cannot be inſenſible to the mourniful tributes of reſpect and veneration, which are paid to the memory of my dear deceaſed huſband; and as his beſt ſervices, and moſt anxious wiſhes, were all devoted to the welfare and happineſs of his country, to know that they were truly appreciated, and gratefully remembered, affords no inconſiderable conſolation.

Taught by the great example, which I have ſo long had before me, never to oppoſe my private wiſhes to the public will, I muſt conſent to the requeſt made by Congreſs, which you have had the goodneſs to tranſmit to me; and in doing this, I need not---I cannot ſay what a ſacrifice of individual feeling I make to a ſenſe of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgements and unfeigned thanks for the perſonal reſpect and evidences of condolence expreſſed by Congreſs and yourſelf, I remain very reſpectfully, Sir, your moſt obedient and humble ſervant,

MARTHA WASHINGTON

The Preſident of the United States

DIED,

On Monday the 6th inſt, Miſs ANN POST, daughter of Mr. William Poſt, of this city, a young lady reſpected and beloved by all her relations and friends.

A BALL.

MR. DUPORT, profeſſor of Dancing, preſents his reſpects to the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York, and informs them that his BALL is fixed for Thurſday next, the 23d inſt. at Lovett's Hotel, (formerly Hunter's) No. 69 Broad Way. The Scholar's Ball will open at 6 P. M. with a minuet (called Waſhington's minuet) compoſed by Mr. Duport. The Ladies and Gentlemen's Ball will open immediately after the exhibition of the Scholars. Tickets, price one Dollar each, to be had of Mr. Duport, No. 4 Cedar Street, or at his room, No. 69 Broad-Way.

COURT of HYMEN.

MAY happineſs always await,
Each virtuous wedded pair;
And may they to an age full late,
Each earthly bleſſing ſhare.

MARRIED

On the 5th Sept. laſt, by the Rev Mr Stanford, Mr. GEORGE BROWN, to Miſs ELIZA NOTT, both of this city

On the 23d Sept. at New-Rochelle, by the Rev Mr Bartowe, Capt. JAMES B. GARDNER, to Miſs PHEBE MARSHALL, both of this city.

On the 1ſt Nov. DAVID FORMAN, Eſq: to Mrs VAN BRUNT, relict of Major VanBrunt; their ages above 70 each ----Mr TEUNIS DENISE, to Miſs BETSEY DIDDLE,---Mr TEUNIS FORMAN, to Miſs ELEANOR REMSEN,---Mr PETER COUENHOVEN, to Miſs JANE DENISE---of Monmouth County, Upper Freehold, New-Jerſey. Mr JACOB VANDERBILT, to Miſs MARY POOL, of Middletown Point, N Jerſey. Doctor THOMAS HORROW, to Miſs ANN BUCKALO, of Cheeſequakes.

On Chriſtmas day, at the Friends Meeting Houſe, at Wellbury, (L. I.) RICHARD SEAMAN, of Jericho, to SALLY SMITH, eldeſt daughter of Edmund Smith, of Merrick.

By the Rev. Mr Miller, Mr. STEPHEN BAKER, of the houſe of Miller and Baker, merchants, of this city, to Miſs MARTHA FOWLER, of New Bingh.

By the Rev. John M Maſon, Mr. ALBERT WYCKOFF, merchant, of this city, to Miſs MARY ROBERTSON, daughter of Alexander Robertſon, Eſq.

On Sunday evening the 30th ult. by the Rev Dr M'Knight, Mr JOB FURMAN, to Miſs SALLY CUNNINGHAM, both of this city.

On New-Year's day, at Staten Iſland, by the Rev Mr Totten, Mr JOHN C. TOTTEN, of this city, to Miſs LETITIA TOTTEN, daughter of the Rev Mr Totten, of Staten Iſland

By the Rev Mr Leonard, Mr JOHN FIELD, to Miſs ABIGAIL FERRIS, both of this city

On Tueſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr Leonard, Capt. BURRIDGE, of Nantucket, to Miſs CATHARINE SHERWOOD, of this city.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr Rodgers, Mr FREDERIC BOREL, to Miſs RACHEL M'KENZIE, both of this city.

THEATRE.

THIS EVENING will be Preſented, the Tragedy, of

Venice Preſerv'd,

Or, a Plot Diſcovered.

To which will be added, a COMIC OPERA, called

The Prize, or 2 5 3 8.

*** The Doors will be opened at a quarter paſt Five---and the Curtain drawn up preciſely at a quarter paſt Six.

Places for the Boxes, and Tickets as uſual.

Vivat Reſpublica.

10,000 DOLLARS.

Tickets in the State Road Lottery, no. 2,

In whole, half, or quarter Shares, for ſale by John Harriſon, no. 3 Peck-ſlip.

ALMANACKS,

By the groſs, dozen, or ſingle.

ALSO,

A general aſſortment of

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

Printing

In all its branches, performed with neatneſs, accuracy, and diſpatch.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,

The True and Genuine

Dr. ANDERSON's

Famous Scots Pills.

COURT of APOLLO.

THE IRISH GHOST

IN days of yore, but ſince the flood,
Whilſt Teague in bed was ſnoring,
A ſpectre 'ſore him ghaſtly ſtood,
And woke him with its roaring.

No noſe it had, nor e'en an eye,
Nor mouth to eat its bread;
And would you know the reaſon why,
Alas! it had no head!

With horrid gape Teague view'd the ſprite,
Then cried, "Ah! now be ſpaking,
"And aiſe me from my ſad affright,
And tell me if I'm waking?"

"Arrah, my dear," the ſhade replied,
"I cannot ſpake you know;
"But I'm thy father's ghoſt, who died
"Beheaded, G-d knows how!"

"Alack, poor ghoſt!" the ſon exclaim'd,
"No wonder thou'rt not friſky,
"For he muſt ſurely muſt be d- ---d
"Who cannot drink his whiſkey."

"Ah! honey, true," the ſprite reſum'd,
"Therefore I leave the dead;
"And that I may'nt to h--- be doom'd,
"I'm looking for my head!"

ARISTOCRAT OR DEMOCRAT.

A QUESTION,

SAYS Thomas the porter to waggoner Ned,
Who gaping around ſtood ſcratching his head,
"Don't worry and teaze thoſe already diſtreſt,
"Leave ſcratching, and let the poor Democrats reſt,"
Quoth Ned, "You are wrong, you muſt certainly own
"They are ariſtocrats; for they ſtick to the crown."

ANECDOTE.

HOWELL, in his Londinopolis, relates a circumſtance which happened to a Jew in the reign of Henry III. He had by accident fallen into a privy on his ſabbath, and would not ſuffer any one to take him out, though rather a neceſſary work. The Earl of Glouceſter not only ſuffered him to continue in this filthy ſituation his own ſabbath (Saturday), but would not permit any perſon to take him out on Sunday, being the ſabbath of the Chriſtians: the Jew, by this cruel joke, was ſuffocated.

THE ſubſcribers, through the medium of the Muſeum, beg leave to inform their friends in particular, and the public in general, that they have opened a SINGING SCHOOL at Mr Dominick's room, oppoſite the New Watch Houſe, Chatham-ſtreet, on Monday and Thurſday evenings, from this date until the firſt of May, where every attention will be paid to thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies who are deſirous of acquainting themſelves with the art of PSALMODY, which is a very neceſſary accompliſhment for either ſex. The beſt and moſt faſhionable tunes will be introduced, the notes pricked off for each part who are not in poſſeſſion of the books which contain them. Terms of tuition two dollars till May. 85 tf

January 9, 1800. PADDOCK and DRAKE.

LOST,

IN the evening of the 6th inſt. between Beekman Slip and Harman-Street, a packet of papers, with Twenty Dollars. Whoever has found them, ſhall be entitled to Five Dollars, by leaving them at No. 27 Harman-Street.

Among other papers a ſchool Article, drawn between P. Paddock and the ſubſcriber. RUFUS I. DRAKE.

KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.

Juſt publiſhed, and for ſale at No. Judah's Book Store, No. 47 Water-Street,

PIZARRO, a Tragedy, price 2s. LOVERS VOWS, a Comedy. COUNT BENYOWSKY, do. STRANGER, do.

CONSTANT LOVERS, or William and Jeanette, a Novel, price 6s.

Encomiums on the works of Van Kotzebue would be ſuperfluous. 82---tf.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

And will be delivered GRATIS to Subſcribers and Purchaſers.

A Supplement to the Catalogue of H. CARITAT's General and Increaſing Circulating Library and Book-Store, No. 153 Broad-Way.

Containing the New Publications juſt imported for him, from London, by the late arrivals; and alſo thoſe he has lately publiſhed or purchaſed in this city: compriſing, with his former collection in Engliſh, French, &c. upwards of 25,000 volumes, on

Agriculture, Gardening,	Natural Hiſtory,
Arts and Sciences,	Philoſophy---Natural, Experimental, &c.---Moral, Aſtronomy, &c.
Education,	
Hiſtory, Geography, Antiquities, Biography,	Poetry and Dramatic.
Voyages, Travels, &c.	Political.
Law, Trials, &c.	Romances, Novels, Adventures, &c.
Medical, Surgical, and Chemical.	Theology, &c.
Miſcellaneous.	Trade and Commerce.

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS William Tyler, of the city of New-York, Mariner, by an aſſignment or inſtrument of writing, bearing date the ſeventh day of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-nine, did aſſign, transfer, and let over unto David Harriſſon, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of ground and houſe, thereon ſtanding, ſituate, lying, and being in the fifth ward of the city of New-York, for the reſidue of the term of twenty-one years, which commenced the ſeventeenth day of January, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-eight; which houſe and lot was then in the actual poſſeſſion of the ſaid William Tyler. To have and to hold the ſame, with the appurtenances, unto the ſaid David Harriſſon, his executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, from the date of the ſaid aſſignment, for, and during all the reſt, reſidue, and remainder of the ſaid term of twenty-one years, provided that if the ſaid William ſhould pay to the ſaid David, three hundred and fifty dollars, according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing even date with the ſaid aſſignment, then the ſaid aſſignment, or transfer, to be void. But if default ſhould happen to be made in the ſaid payment, then the ſaid David was declared to have full power to ſell, and diſpoſe of the ſaid houſe and lot of ground aforeſaid, and premiſes, at public auction. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the ſaid money, according to the ſaid condition. Now therefore, notice is hereby given to all perſons that the ſaid aſſigned premiſes, and all right, title and intereſt of the ſaid William, will be ſold at public auction, at the premiſes, on Monday, the fifth day of May next, at twelve o'clock at noon of the ſame day, for the purpoſe of ſatisfying the principal and intereſt due on the ſame bond or obligation. Dated this 1ſt day of November, 1799.

75---6m DAVID HARRISSON.

ANDREW R. MILLER,

No. 99 William Street,

IN addition to his aſſortment of DRY GOODS, has received a handſome aſſortment of Plain and Spangled paper Fans, richly Spangled Silk do. Plain black Paper and Crape do. Rich Cloak-Sattin, different colors. Pelings, &c Fine black and white Laces and Edgings. Fine India Book Muſlins. Wadding for interlinings. Silk Velvet of different colors. Furniture Dimity. A large aſſortment of Sattin and China Ribbons, worthy the attention of country merchants. 79 tf

PORTER, &c.

Hibbert's Brown Stout,
do. Porter
Burton and Taunton Ale
Philad. & N. York Porter,
do. do. Ale
Newark Cider.

} Of the firſt quality, by the ſingle dozen, tierce, or quantity.

Alſo,

Madeira Wine, White and Red Port, Claret, Sherry, Liſbon, &c.

For ſale by William M. Hitchcock, & Co.

No. 200 Water-ſtreet, fronting Beekman-ſlip.

NB. Porter and Cider for exportation, put up in the beſt manner, on accommodating credit, for approved notes. May 25. 60 tf

An Apprentice.

Wanted immediately at the office of the WEEKLY MUSEUM, no. 3 Peck-Slip, an Apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS---an active Lad, between 14 and 16 years of age, of reputable connections, and who has received a good education. 68 tf

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS William Bedlow of the city of New-York, in the ſtate of New-York, gentleman, and Catharine his wife, in order to ſecure the payment of four hundred and ſixty pounds, with lawful intereſt, unto Samuel Akerly, of the ſaid city, Ship Wright, on or before the ſixteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-eight, according to the condition of one certain Bond or Obligation, bearing date with the Indenture of Mortgage hereafter mentioned. And alſo, for and in conſideration of the ſum of five ſhillings to them in hand paid, by the ſaid Samuel Akerly, did by Indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 16th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1797, grant, bargain, alien, releaſe, enfeoff, convey and confirm unto the ſaid Samuel Akerly, and to his heirs and aſſigns for ever, all thoſe three certain lots of ground, ſituate lying and being in the ſeventh ward of the city of New-York, being part of the farm late belonging to Hendrick Ruigers, deceaſed, and known and diſtinguiſhed in a certain map or chart thereof made, by lots number two hundred and twenty nine, two hundred and thirty, and two hundred and thirty one: Bounded ſoutherly in front by Henry-ſtreet, northerly in the rear by lots number ninety eight, ninety nine, and one one hundred, belonging to the ſaid parties of the firſt part; eaſterly by lot number two hundred and thirty two, alſo belonging to the ſaid parties of the firſt part; and weſterly by lots number two hundred and twenty five, two hundred and twenty ſix, two hundred and twenty ſeven, & two hundred & twenty eight, belonging to the ſaid parties of the firſt part. Each of the ſaid hereby granted lots of ground containing in breadth in front and rear each twenty five feet, and in length on each ſide one hundred and eight feet. And whereas the ſaid indenture of mortgage contains a power in the words following, to wit: "And if default ſhall happen to be made in the payment of the ſaid ſum of four hundred and ſixty pounds, with intereſt as aforeſaid, or any part thereof, on the day of payment above limited, that then and at all times thereafter it ſhall and may be lawful for the ſaid Samuel Akerly, his executors, adminiſtrators or aſſigns, and the are hereby fully authoriſed and impowered to ſell and diſpoſe of the ſaid hereby granted three lots of ground and premiſes above-mentioned, with the appurtenances, at public auction, to the higheſt bidder, purſuant to the ſtatute in ſuch caſe made and provided, and in due form of law to ſign, ſeal, execute and deliver good and ſufficient deeds of conveyance for the ſame premiſes to the purchaſer or purchaſers thereof, his, her, or their heirs and aſſigns for ever. And out of the monies ariſing by or from the ſale thereof, to retain and keep the ſaid ſum of four hundred and ſixty pounds, and the intereſt thereof, or ſo much thereof as may be then due and unpaid, together with all coſts, charges and expences occaſioned by ſuch default, rendering the overplus money (if any there be) unto the ſaid William Bedlow, his executors, adminiſtrators, or aſſigns. Which ſale ſo to be made by virtue of theſe preſents, is hereby ratified and confirmed, and ſhall, and is hereby declared to be, at all times forever thereafter a firm and ſufficient bar and preclu-ſion to the equity of redemption of the ſaid hereby granted premiſes, and to any claim or pretention that may be made thereto by them or either of them, the ſaid parties of the firſt part, their heirs or aſſigns, or any other perſon or perſons whomſoever, lawfully claiming or to claim by, from, or under them, or any of them. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the ſaid four hundred and ſixty pounds, and the intereſt thereof, according to the condition of the ſaid bond or obligation, which yet remains due and unpaid. Therefore notice is hereby given to all to whom it may concern, that purſuant to the power contained in the ſaid indenture of mortgage and according to the directions of the act in ſuch caſe made and provided, the ſaid mortgaged premiſes will be ſold at public auction at the Tontine Coffee-houſe, in the city of New-York, on the fifth day of May next enſuing the date hereof, at twelve o'clock at noon of the ſame day, for the purpoſe of ſatisfying the principle and intereſt due, and to become due on the ſaid bond or obligation. Dated New-York, 1ſt November, 1799.

PRESCILLA AKERLY, Executrix
JACAMIAH AKERLY,
THOMAS DRAKE, &
ARCHIBALD KERLY, Executors

} of the laſt Will and Teſtament of Samuel Akerly, deceaſed.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harriſſon, no. 3 Peck-Slip.

Printed and Publiſhed by
JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.
[Twelve Shillings per annum.]